

POETRY.

The Eagle's Address to England.

BY J. R. DOW.

Mother, how small you are!
Your island is but a speck,
A kind of good old easy chair,
Where the grumbling gulls may rest,
Your cliffs by the ocean stand,
And your battlements fret the sky!
But know ye not of that western land
Where the free hearts never die?
Come sit on my airy height,
And look at the hosts below,
Where the mountain smiles in the morning's light,
And the dark old rivers glow,
Away to the mighty west,
Where the hunter makes his bow,
Where the father of tempests takes his rest,
And the trembling lightning covers.
Tell me of your ancient might,
Not boast of your gallant dead,
A nation sits in its armor bright,
And laughs at your palmed tread.
Your bones on a thousand fields
May bleach in the noon-day sun,
And soldiers shake their blazoned shields
On the plains of Europe won.
Till fall to the crimsoned plains
Where the patriot soldier rests,
And the vales shall echo a thousand strains
And the hills put on their crests.
No Indian laurel blooms
O'er the graves of the pilgrim sires,
But the land shall furnish thy soldiers' tombs,
Or seats by our cottage fires.
In peace she will greet thee kind—
In war, as her men of old—
But ere your battle-flap taints the wind
Remember your island's hold.
A day, and the land that dares
To shakele a peaceful world,
May find that the western stripling bears
A flag that is never furled.
Then sleep, in thy dotage sleep,
Nor strive to molest the free;
The babe thou cast on the stormy deep
May hollow a grave for thee.
Then, mother, no longer fawn,
But sport with your titled things;
And drink your porter and stay at home
To nourish a brood of kings.
The days of the olden time
And the deeds of the Baron bold,
And the curfew's knell at even time,
Are memories to be told.
The dark old sea has flown,
And the foudal towers decay,
And naught remains to support your throne
But a debt you never can pay.

From the Vermont Spirit of the Age.

Dream On!

AIR—The "Carrier Dove."

Dream on! fond fool! dream on, to the last,
Dream on of her angel truth,
Nor believe that the vows from her lips that past,
Are as false as the pledges of youth.
Ay, kneel at her feet again, poor boy,
And hang on her idle words,
And think them as sweet, in thy rapturous joy,
As the warble of spring's first birds.
Dream on! till the truth shall make you start
Away from her fond embrace,
And experience lays her hand on your heart,
And lo! with a snarl, in your face,
Tuen awoken to life with your poor heart wrong
Like a tree in the winter snow,
And turn to a completely a woman's tongue
Has pulled the wool over your eyes!

POPULAR TALES.

The Slanderer;

OR A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. MEDDLEWITH.

By Mary L. Gardner.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! what a world we live in. So much vice and depravity, and but too often, beneath the veil of piety and innocence. I declare, I know not what the world is coming to!" ejaculated Mrs. Meddlewth, as she sipped the fourth cup of tea, at the table of Miss Henny, where by her side were comfortably seated some dozen ladies of the neighborhood.

"You speak truly, ma'am, in saying so; for my part, I tremble for this wicked world, so full of iniquity," answered Miss Higgins, a lady near her, of an unimpeachable age.

Each lady (or with few exceptions) shrugged her shoulders upon hearing these grave remarks, and, heaving a deep sigh, drew her chair nearer her neighbors, if possible, and looked at the first speaker.

"What led me to speak of the world's wickedness now, is because my mind has been troubled ever since I heard the reports concerning Harriet Howe," she at length said.

"What—what are they—do tell, pray do—dear Mrs. Meddlewth," burst from the eager group.

"Ah! I knew she was no better than she should be, with all her airs; a vile creature, setting herself up to be better than her neighbors!" said the same Miss Higgins.

"Well, do tell," said one, "for my Julia, who goes to her school, loves her, I believe, as well as she does me."

"Yes, there's a proof of her art, in my mind; look out for your Julia, or Harriet Howe will make her as bad as herself," retorted Mrs. Meddlewth.

"But what have you heard? I long to hear. —I'll expose her—that's what I will. People shall know that her sanctity is all nonsense, a mask to get in with the great."

"Oh! I did not hear any thing for fact,—so do not tell—not from me,—but it is enough to convince me she never would never live alone there in that little cottage, if she was what she should be," commenced Mrs. Meddlewth.

"Now recollect, you are never to mention this; for my informant said that Mr. Bean's wife's mother said, it was not to be told, excepting to me; and I have never mentioned the reports excepting at the party at Mrs. Lee's, last night, and every one said they would not tell of it; so you see nobody knows it;—and, indeed, I do hate to mention it, for I despise a slanderer,—and were it not every one's duty to shun such people as Miss Howe, I would never mention it, not I."

"Oh! you must tell us,—for, as you say, we ought to guard ourselves and families against sim-

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ful arts; and I am sure it will be safe with us," drawled a superannuated dame in the rocking-chair.

"Well—I'll tell you—one night, about a month since as Mr. Bean's wife's hired man was coming through the fields between the cottage and the stage road, he saw a young man walking towards the cottage, and turning every now and then to see if he was observed; and presently out came Miss Harriet, the vile creature, and what do you think she did?—why, as sure as I am alive, she sprang towards this strange man, and throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him again and again. Yes, she did; and Mr. Bean's wife's mother's hired man saw it all; he had stopped in the shade of the trees near, and the young man called her his 'dear Harriet,' and they went into the cottage, with his arm around her waist, and her head resting on his shoulder."

"Is it possible?" "Oh! she is worse than I thought for!" "What a dreadful world!" and sundry other like remarks, burst from the company, when Mrs. Meddlewth paused to take breath. All seemed horror-struck; no one doubted the truth of the story—for had not the speaker said "it was as true as that she was alive?" and who would think of doubting the existence of a person, whose tongue wagged at the rate of ten knots an hour?

"Well, I have not finished my story," resumed the good-hearted Mrs. Meddlewth; "the next morning, nothing was to be seen of this man, but twice since has he been known to go there, at the same hour,—but mind you, nobody sees him there by daylight. There is proof for you—why does he not go there by day, and not be prowling about by night. I would no more send a scholar to her, than I would hang Miss Henny."

"So I say," interrupted Miss Higgins; "she can live without, I'll warrant you; she only makes a pretence of teaching, to deceive us."

"And there is that fine harp: I always thought 'twas strange where she found that. Poor folks, if they are honest, never live by fingering harps, and sorting flowers, and idling about in the way she does," said the dame in the rocking-chair.

"But the worst is not told yet. You know what a fuss she made when her grandmother was buried, how she wept and mourned; but I know, for fact, that she was frolicking when the old lady died; she found her in her chair. There's goodness for you!—I do not wonder she wept when she thought of her ingratitude."

"If all this is true, I shall not let my daughter go to her any more," said the mother of Julia, for I fear she will hear some of her villainess."

"But who would have thought it, she seems so innocent and virtuous! but this is a sad world."

"And my daughters, Helen and Sarah, I will forbid their associating with her in future, or she will learn them to leave me in my old age," continued a lady who had until now remained silent.

"And I," said a Mrs. Carter present, who beside wealth had nothing of which to boast, being utterly a stranger to every thing like refinement of feeling, "have employed this Miss Howe to do fancy work for me, and have paid her handsomely; but she will have no more—I shall be careful to employ some one more deserving. I always wondered why she took in sewing and kept her harp, and the other decorations of the parlor."

"Lal! I always knew there was some mystery about her, something wrong,—I have heard her grandmother was in debt,—and I'll tell you another secret. Mrs. Jones's sister's little girl saw Miss Howe put a letter into the post office, and she peeped into it when the post-master's back was turned, and she saw in it 'lend,' and 'money,' 'debts,' &c. Do you not think 'tis strange?" and again Mrs. Meddlewth paused.

"Yes, I do, and I'll never visit her any more," said the amiable Miss Higgins.

And with the charitable conclusion, that it was the duty of each to spread the reports, to shun the accused, to warn every one against her, they parted, with wickedness at their hearts and words of slander on their lips.

CHAPTER II.

Reader, will you turn with me to the cottage, where dwelt the fair girl, whom slander with her venomous tongue had assailed, whose heart, bleeding and torn with its many woes, had been probed by the burning fingers of malice and envy, till it withered and despaired 'neath the touch. Rumor with her hundred tongues had gone forth, and the fair and beautiful drooped at its breath, and faded as its blight swept over her. Gaze with me upon her, as she kneels in prayer before her only friend, (it would seem,) in the wide world. Tears—tears, wrung by unrelenting malice, are upon her cheeks, and an aching poignance on that young brow, which should tell only of happiness; her small hands are compressed as in agony, and the rocking of her form shows too plainly the anguish within. Hear those low tones, as she asks her Almighty Friend to forgive the merciless enemies who have robbed her of her all, who have wrenched from her her good name, and even the means of her subsistence, blighted her fond hopes, turned from her forlorn state even the nod of recognition or smile of friendship. Hear her beseech Him to protect the orphan, to save her from temptation, to give her strength in the hour of darkness. And, as she rises from that fervent prayer, and a glow of serene trustfulness flits over her face, must not the hardest heart blush at the depravity which has wrought her anguish, the ruin of her fond hopes?

According to their resolve on the night of the social tea party, Mrs. Meddlewth and her friends had spread the reports, adding their own comments, till report became fact, and all the village shunned the lone orphan. One by one of her scholars were withdrawn, and when she mildly asked the reason, taunting words and stern looks were her only answer. One only of her little

school had remained, till the day when we have seen her in prayer, alone and sorrow-stricken. On that morning the little girl came in tears.

"What ails you, my dear?" said the loved teacher, "why are you weeping?"

"Because—" and the poor child sobbed—"because Mrs. Meddlewth says you are a wicked woman, and that you will make me bad, too,—and she told mother that this was not a good place for me; so mother has sent me for my books and slate—" Here the child's sobs grew more frequent, and thick and fast fell the tears from her sunny eyes. Harriet Howe pressed a fervent kiss on her fair brow, then raising her eyes to heaven—"God knows," she said, "that I am innocent; but go if your mother commands it—and Heaven's blessings on your head."

"Then you are not wicked; oh! I knew you was not,—and I may love you,—and you may be my own dear teacher;" and she laughed in her childish merriment.

"No! no! you must go, for your mother's ear has been poisoned by slander,—but you may love, as I shall ever remember you."

"Oh! I will run home and tell my mother, and she will let me come again, and we will be so happy"—and she bounded away towards her home, happy in childish ignorance of earth's polluted souls.

Slowly and sadly did Harriet enter her little dwelling; bitter thoughts came crowding up, too mighty for utterance; the limited enjoyment which she had derived from the company of her pupils, was taken from her; her cup of woe was drugged with the foul taint of slander, till its taste was most bitter. Why was she thus slandered, she asked herself; why has malice cast its arrows upon my defenceless head? She paused in her soliloquies—for she knew that her continuing alone in the cottage, since the death of her grandmother, might well be a mystery to the villagers; but what could she do?—she could not depart. "Not yet—not yet," she exclaimed; "I must stay 'tis for him, and for his sake I will brave all."

She had still one resource, she could take in sewing; Mrs. Carter and many other women in the neighborhood, had always employed her, and she would endeavor still to obtain employment from them. She accordingly donned her bonnet, and sallied forth; her first call was upon Miss Henny. How was her heart wrung when the servant girl, on asking for her mistress, replied, "La, suz, Miss, you don't expect my mistress is going to associate with your kind of folks, do you?" She said I must say she was not at home, to the like of you."

Harriet turned away; her breast heaved with contending emotions. Should she turn away from all, and go forth a lone wanderer in the cold world? No! she must not—she must remain, at least till she heard from him. On she went; she passed before the door of Miss Carter; she hesitated; perhaps the servants here might insult her. Slowly she raised the knocker; she was ushered into the sitting room; her heart sunk within her, as she met the stern gaze of the mistress. "I have called, madam," and her voice quivered with excess of emotion,—"I have called, hoping you might give me further employment, as I now depend wholly upon my needle for subsistence."

"Why, miss, as you have asked me, I must tell you, that I cannot give work to a person of your character."

"My character! Good Heavens! what have I done, to be thus scoffed?" almost shrieked the poor girl; "what have I done?"

"You better not put on any of your fine airs,—they will not move me. If you want money, sell your harp and your fine things. For my part, I have but little opinion of young women who live alone, and who neglect dying friends."

"Oh! my God! I had thou forsaken me!" she exclaimed, in an agonized tone. "Hear me, hear me, Mrs. Carter, when I call Heaven to witness my innocence."

"Come, miss, you had better go,—my nerves are weak, and I cannot bear a scene"—interrupted the hard-hearted woman.

And she did go—she turned homewards with a soul wrung with the most bitter emotions. Oh! what a trial was this to the sensitive, high-minded girl, to be thus scorned and insulted by those so far inferior to her in all respects save fortune's gifts; to be treated as a vile thing whom all might scoff and deride,—when all her labors were of holy love, and her heart free from one thought of sin. It was too much,—and for a time she sunk under the weight of her many woes; but the recollection of Him who searcheth all hearts, who is no regard of persons, reassured her, and when she arose from humble prayer, the tempest was past, and she composed and tranquil, trusting in the buoyancy of youthful hope for coming good. What should she do? she now asked herself; she could not apply to any one else for employment, she could not expose herself to the ridicule, the abuse of the people of the village;—then her mind pondered the words of Mrs. Carter, "sell your harp and your fine things;" but she could not, she had promised to retain these as mementos of the past, and till better days might come,—and she at last resolved to wait trustfully for the storm to pass.

Soon after, Mrs. Meddlewth met with one of the party in the street of the village.

"Well," she exclaimed, after the salutations of the morning were passed, "Harriet Howe has found by this time, I should think, that she cannot pass off with us. The pretended goodness is pierced, and we all know her character."

"But, after all," rejoined the other, "I cannot think that she is so bad, for I always did like that girl; she seems so good, and besides, she is so lonely."

"What makes her so lonely, do you think?"

I guess, if she was what she pretended to be, she would not be staying alone there, somebody would be found to care for her."

"I pity her at any rate," was the reply, "and sometimes I think that if some one would expostulate with her, she might leave her follies and go back to virtue."

"Just as you please," replied Mrs. Meddlewth, with an angry toss of the head; "you may pity her, and visit her as much as you please, but I shall do no such thing; I do not wish to be contaminated by her arts, neither shall my children"—and on she went, the wicked destroyer of fair fame, joying in her heart that she had been able to blight the prospects of the fair girl. Yet despite all her labors, and all her guessing, a friend was found to care for the poor girl in the person of a Mrs. Almy, who had come to reside for the summer months at the village. She boarded at the hotel, and having in her walks noticed the neat little cottage, she was induced to inquire concerning its inmates. From her landlord she learned, that it had been occupied for two years by an aged lady and her granddaughter, who evidently had known better days; that the young lady had supported herself and friend, by instructing the children of the village, and by needle-work; that the grandmother had died some time before; that the young girl had since continued to live there alone; "and," added he, "for some time past the people have shunned her, from some reports spread by the village gossip, a Mrs. Meddlewth, who, I believe, is worse than the accused."

Mrs. Almy, prompted by her goodness of heart, lost no time in calling upon the lone orphan. With that true delicacy of soul which ever accompanies refinement and piety, she forebore to question her with regard to her circumstances; but she was at once impressed by her modest, yet dignified bearing, the charm of her beauty, the elegance of her manner, and more than all, by the style of her conversation, so pure and simple, yet bearing so many tokens of glorious powers of mind and heart, and breathing such a pious trustfulness in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." She kindly offered her employment, and requested that she would take charge of her children while she remained in the village. Joyfully did the orphan assent. Oh! how did the kind words of this Christian woman bind up her bleeding heart. She had found a friend; one who would love her, who would not scorn and buffet her, to whom she might look for countenance when all else had forsaken her. It was like a beam of sunlight upon the dark and troubled waters,—and her heart danced in its invigorating influence, and once more, as when her grandmother was with her, did her song of gladness awaken echoes in the still rooms of the cottage. To slander and misrepresentation, in the one case, had woman deluded herself,—in the other, true to her calling, to the real dignity of her original nature, she had healed the wounded heart, given light to the darkened path, and saved the young and guileless from despair.

CHAPTER III.

A party! How every heart dances in anticipation, when that word is heard. Gay visions of dance and song, of beaming eyes and sweet words, of incense and flattery, ravish the hearts of the young and beautiful,—while the pleasure of social converse, of recognition of those who commenced life's dusty round together, of "chattered mirth, sweet thoughts of 'and lang syne,' crowd in brightness upon the thoughts of the elderly portion of the community. If such is in any degree true of city sojourners, how much more so it is of the simple people in a country village, by the announcement of a party. Mrs. Such-a-one will receive her dear friends. What a bustle and confusion, running to and from the millinery, what a ransacking of gloves, mustings, laces and French flayers—all business is suspended, slanders are forgotten, (but, alas, only to rekindle with fiercer flame, after the consummation of the event,) all is hushed, save the sole-absorbing topics of dress and fashion.

But to resume the thread of my story. There was to be a party, given by Mrs. Almy. She had invited the elite of the village to meet at her rooms, in the hotel. When the evening arrived, the hall was brilliantly lighted, while a fine band of music was in readiness for those who loved the mazy dance. The spacious drawing-rooms were thrown open, and by nine o'clock were filled with a numerous assemblage of old and young, villagers and more refined specimens of humanity from the neighboring city. Among the guests were Mrs. Meddlewth, Mrs. Carter, Miss Henny and the other lady of no particular age. The master of the hotel wondered that Mrs. Almy should have invited these, as she knew how busy they had been in slandering the orphan. But she offered no explanation, so he could only wonder, as indeed several of the invited themselves did. Mrs. Meddlewth was in her full glory, she had drawn to one corner of the room a knot of eager listeners, and was holding forth upon the extravagance of one, the vanity of another, the circumstances of a third, showing fully the impropriety of their attendance.—"declaring that to her knowledge, another pointed,—and even censuring the hostess for her profusion, wondering if her husband's purse could meet the expenditures at the village." Thus she went on, delighted at her own constancy and constantly asserting that she despised slander,—being fully credited in this assertion by her hearers. At last she exclaimed,

"So, Miss Howe, it seems, is not here, after all Mrs. Almy's great friendship; but she knows better to bring her into respectable company,"

and she tossed her head as she uttered the words.

"Of course," answered Miss Higgins, "if she was what she should be, Mrs. Almy would have invited her."

"Ah! she has seen through her famous airs, I warrant you, before this time. I have done my best to give her a hint of her character, for I cannot endure to see people imposed upon," retorted Mrs. Meddlewth.

At this moment the conversation was disturbed, by a servant's announcing Mr. Hadley & his sister, every eye turned to the door, judge not the dismay of the gossiping group, when, in the sister of Mr. Hadley, they recognised Harriet Howe. And most beautiful the young girl looked, her dress of deep mourning contrasting with a neck of snowy whiteness; her bright eye beaming with the light of unutterable happiness, and truth imprinted upon every lineament of that lovely face. Her brother gazed upon her with a mingling of sorrow, love, and pride. After receiving the congratulations of her few friends, her brother, (still retaining her arm,) advanced to the centre of the room.

"Permit me," he commenced, and his voice rung forth clear as a prophetic, "permit me here in this company, before the ladies and gentlemen of this party, to explain whatever may have appeared mysterious in the conduct of my sister, since her residence among you. I will be brief, but I claim the attention of all. My sister and myself are of another land; England is the home of our race. Possessed of wealth, without any one to guide me, (for parents we do not remember,) I early initiated myself in the vices so common with heedless young men of fortune. Suffice it here to say, I squandered our large property; and more, the taint of dishonor fell upon me. We left our home, came to America, the home of the unfortunate,—chance brought us to this village; our grandmother, our only dear friend, came with us, and here she and my noble hearted sister remained. I had vowed that I would never own my true name, never avow my connection with the innocent, suffering ones of the cottage, until I had fulfilled obligations lawfully contracted, rescued my name from dishonor, and restore my sister to the station which she was born to occupy. As I chose to alter my name, my sister decided to be known by the name of Howe. The work is done, honestly, aye, by the sweat of my brow, have I released myself from my obligations, the shade has passed from my fame, and but one week since, a will was put into my hand, making me heir of a large estate in England, and giving my sister a fortune competent for her every desire. Such is our history, and in conclusion,—to those who by word or deed, have afforded happiness to my sister, I would tender my heartfelt thanks, God will bless them, as I may not. But, and a frown gathered on his open brow, "to those who have maliciously and wilfully wounded the stranger's heart, I would say, in explanation of what they might not comprehend, yet have dwelt on and exaggerated, that the gentleman who had been seen by some person's hired man was no other than myself, her own lawful brother. Had I vowed, as I before said, never to let the world know of our connexion, till I was free from dishonor; therefore by stealth I visited her. And may I ask certain ladies, what may be the impropriety of my calling her my dear Harriet? As it regards the death of our beloved parent, it occurred, as you have stated, in the absence of my sister, who left her (apparently well,) to return some work which she had just finished,—she was absent an hour; on her return, found her dearly beloved friend cold in the embrace of death. One circumstance more,—I wish to gratify any curiosity that may exist, with regard to a certain letter, containing the ominous words, 'lend,' 'money,' 'debts,' that letter was addressed to me. From time to time has my sister forwarded me the amount of her earnings, yes, the money spared for her own support, has been sent to assist her unworthy brother in his struggle with degradation. Will the people of this village yet wonder, that the orphan of the cottage took in needlework, and yet owned a harp, that harp the memento of a mother's love. And now, wishing these people much joy in the success of their schemes for my sister's ruin, I will leave you." With a graceful, dignified bow, he left them, while the group in the corner seemed stricken for once, with shame and humiliation.

Reader—know you a Mrs. Meddlewth?—They are a numerous race; in their footsteps follow ruined hopes, blighted hearts, anguish and tears. Shun them! for more are they to be feared than all the evils of Pandora's box.

PLEASURE.—Pleasure is no rule of good; when we follow pleasure merely, we are disgusted and changed from one part to another, condemning that one time, which at another we earnestly approve; and never judging equally of happiness whilst we follow passion and mere humor.—*Shaftesbury.*

CALUMNY.—The asperities of calumny will not adhere permanently to your character, unless they find in this some ground of adhesion. When, therefore, you are assailed by slander and obloquy, suffer that which will not stick to fall to the ground of its own accord; and, as to the rest, mend your character.

THE BEST MAN.—He who pursues his own advantage only, so far as he can do so without injuring another, is just. He who gives up his superfluity rather than do dishonor to another, is noble. He who works only for common welfare, is the most noble, and no one but him deserves that name.—*Spurzheim.*

IGNORANCE.—Many people are so absurdly afraid of exposing their ignorance, that they keep it as long as they live, and engrave it on their foreheads to be read by all men.

SIN.—As sins proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—*St. T. Brown.*

SELF-CONCEIT.—Self-conceit is a standing pool, which exhibits other men to our eye, not only below us, but completely inverted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Eastern Argus.

We received the following letter yesterday, together with one or two London papers.—The London Chronicle of Oct. 20th, (alluded to in this letter) contains a long account of the Hunter's Lodges in this country, which, it says, has been obtained from a creditable source. It says that Maine has 99 lodges; Vermont, 107; New York, 283; Michigan, 54; New Hampshire, 78; Wisconsin, 7; Illinois, 21; Indiana, 14; Ohio, 86; Pennsylvania, 49; Kentucky, 11; Virginia, 21; Maryland, 16; Delaware, 2; New Jersey, 17; Missouri, 39; Iowa, 3; Louisiana, 11; Lower Canada, nearly the whole population are organized in lodges; Upper Canada, 84.—There are a few lodges in New Brunswick, and a few scattered in other parts. The number of lodges in the States not mentioned, may amount to about 100.

The following is the oath said to be administered to each member:

"I swear to my utmost to promote republican institutions and ideas throughout the world, to cherish them, to defend them, and especially to devote myself to the propagation, protection and defence of these institutions in North America. I pledge my life, my property, and my honor to the association. I bind myself to its interests, and I promise, until death, that I will attack, combat, and help to destroy, by all means that my superior may think proper, every power or authority of royal origin upon this continent, and especially never rest till the British tyrants cease to have any possession or footing in North America. So help me God."

The number of members in all the Lodges is estimated at 120,000 voters—and the Chronicle's article gravely concludes as follows:

"We are often asked who is the Grand Sassen, who are the Grand Eagles? It is really impossible to state this positively; but we may hazard an opinion, that the actual chairman of the committee of foreign affairs of Congress (Caleb Cushing) knows something about the matter. In one of his last lectures at Springfield, Massachusetts, he states that it is the duty of every American to co-operate for the expulsion of British influence and authority from that continent. Mr. Smith, of St. Albans, M. C. for Vermont, Governor Fairfield, of Maine, Governor Mason, of Michigan, General Bratish, Colonel Thomas, the Honorable Senator Williams, Lieut. Governor Bratish, of New York, General Clark, Waller Nelson, L. T. Papineau, C. P. Bonaparte, W. L. McKenzic, and others, are the gentlemen who perhaps could the best inform us what are their respective connections with this association."

To the Editors of the Eastern Argus:

Gentlemen, I have only to remark to you that the political horizon of Europe begins to be dark and gloomy. A storm evidently is brewing—public spirit has grown uneasy and nobody knows what. The whole of Europe resembles a vast camp. Every where preparations for war and everywhere talks of peace, with the exception of England. Here one can easily understand what they are about. The Times and the Morning Herald, the two principal organs of the Administration, are pretty clear in their statements, particularly in all that regards America. To break you up, to dissolve the Union, to burn your cities and towns, to destroy your commerce, and to use their own language, to throw you back for centuries, is the expressed plan of that class of raving politicians, which are now in the ascendancy in Great Britain. But whilst no epithet of approbation and infamy is too strong to be used in regard to the United States and its people, in the same country every folsome flattery is used towards Mr. Webster "whose filial attachment" (the very words used in the Morning Herald) "is such as to render it certain that it will not be his fault if England has to complain of the United States"—whilst the ungrateful Times, in a serious article sneers at all that has been done in regard to McLeod and the North Eastern Boundary question, and in regard to the first case, says that all was a "predetermined farce," that the Government at Washington at Albany took all measures to ensure the acquittal of McLeod and that they never dared to convict him in America. I heard a very curious story here in regard to this business, which may explain why Mr. Fox changed his tone.—Mr. Webster is indeed, if the story is true, a very dutiful son, he standing security for McLeod's safety! I send you a long article which appears in the Morning Chronicle, entitled the "Hunter's Association in North America," by which you will see that it is more than hinted that Governor Fairfield and others are officers in the Hunter's Association! By said article you will see how very easy John Bull is imposed upon. That fable is now the crack article of the day, and the declaration that it is a gross fabrication, which the writer took care to have inserted in the Morning Post, is only laughed at. 27 Line of Battle Ships, and nearly 200 Ships of War, belonging to England are now in commission and yet not one Line of Battle Ship is upon the North American station. I argued to prove by it the peaceable disposition of Great Britain. The answer of one was, "we can choose our own time with the Americans." The other, an officer of distinction, told me, "we must surprise them." Mr. Stevenson leaves to-day, and Mr. Maxwell and family to-morrow. Both these gentlemen gained, to an uncommon degree, public sympathy and esteem here. The change cannot be for the better. Mr. Dodge, the general agent in Germany is to be recalled, and Francis Grund is to be sent to Bremen, instead. A happy delivery to him, and to the United States of him!

SLAVONICUS.

LONDON, the 22d Oct., 1841.

FROM THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—SANTA FE. A letter from Fort William, on the Arkansas, of October 12th, states that the Texan forces had yet arrived at Santa Fe, at the last accounts,

but were hourly expected. The Governor was making preparations to give them a warm reception, but the people were inclined to surrender, without opposition. It was believed that the preparations of the Governor were more for show than otherwise, as his individual interest would be promoted by the success of the Texans. A fight between the Pawnees and Arrapahoes, "came off" on the Arkansas, near Fort William, in August, in which the former lost seventy-four scalps. St. Louis Republican.

POLITICAL.

From the Eastern Argus.

MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT.

This "great pacificator," already second only in command of the armies of the Republic, aspires to be their commander-in-chief—and with this view has just written a long letter to the public in general, in which he comes forth, sword in hand, to answer various political interrogatories that have been recently addressed to him, he says, from different parts of the Union. The letter is rather a dull one, and much longer than the General's speech from the Cumberland House balcony in 1839, but unlike the Federal letters a year ago, discloses some very decided "opinions for the public eye." It begins with a palaver about its author's ancient democracy, and goes on to prove him incontestibly a thorough-paced Federalist. To show this, we will briefly give his political views according to the arrangement of the letter, which, like a Preacher's sermon, is divided very methodically into different heads.

1st. In *Politics* he calls himself a "Democratic Whig," a name unheard of, we believe, until the last year, and then invented for the disguise of Federalism.

2d. Of the *Judiciary*, the General has so high an opinion that, he thinks, its decisions should bind the consciences of every body, except the Judges themselves or their successors, who have an unbounded right to change or modify the opinions of the court at pleasure. Not so thought either Jefferson or Jackson, who both held it to be the duty of a President to sanction no law which in their consciences, they deemed unconstitutional, whether the Judiciary believed it constitutional or not. These apostles of Democracy had no conscience keepers for them, and had greater fear of violating the liberties of the people than even of disregarding an opinion of the Supreme Court.

3d. Gen. Scott follows Mr. Clay against the *Executive Veto*, which, he thinks should be overcome by a bare majority in both Houses of Congress. He seems to treat this power as intended mainly for the protection of the President against the other Departments of Government, when it is in fact meant for the protection of the People against the evil consequences of hasty legislation.

4th. The General goes decidedly against *Rotation in office*. So did the Federal party, last fall, but when they got the power, they were in favor of rotating out all the Democratic officers, and rotating Federalists into their places.

5th. General Scott thinks that no Presidential candidate should pledge himself to the *one term* doctrine, but he would like, nevertheless, to alter the Constitution so as to extend the Presidential term to six years, and allow no citizen to be chosen President more than once.

6th. The General thinks, (strangely to be sure) that the President's agency in legislation should be strictly limited by his constitutional duties.

7th. He gives in his letter no allusion to the doing of the Extra Session.

"If I had had the honor of a vote on the occasion, it would have been given in favor of the *Land Distribution Bill*, the *Bankrupt Bill*, and the second bill for creating a *Fiscal Corporation*—having long been under a conviction that, in peace as in war, something efficient, in the nature of a *Bank of the United States*, is not only 'necessary and proper,' but indispensable to the successful operations of the Treasury, as well as to many of the wants of our commerce and currency."

8th. On the subject of *Secret Societies*, the General is not quite clear, and we give his own language.

Secret, or oath-bound Societies.—I have not been a member of a masonic lodge in thirty odd years, nor a visitor of any lodge, except once—now more than sixteen years ago. There are at many academies and colleges, as is well known, associations of students, tutors and professors, for purely literary purposes, and their meetings, generally, for aught that I know, may be secret. Twenty-eight years ago, I was once present with such an association, and never since; and I have within five years, received many flattering notices of my having been enrolled as an honorary member of as many such associations. I am sorry to be reminded that, by some strange neglect, I have failed to accept one of those honorable distinctions.

The General's letter terminates in this point—Finally, I am asked, *If nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, would you accept the nomination?* I beg leave respectfully to reply, yes; provided that I be not required to renounce any principles professed above. My principles are convictions.

"My principles are convictions!" They convict the general pretty strongly, we think, of Federal notions, and will hardly be able to make him President.

THE BRAVE OLD SOLDIER!

The following is a copy of a letter from the venerable and beloved patriot JACKSON, in reply to an invitation to attend a public dinner given to Gov. POLK, by the Democratic Republican members of the General Assembly and the citizens of Nashville and Davidson County:—

HERMITAGE, Oct. 20, 1841.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter, inviting me to be present at a Public Dinner to be given the late Governor of Tennessee, Hon. JAMES K. POLK, at the Nashville Inn, on Saturday the 23d instant, by the Democratic Republican Members of the Legislature and citizens of Nashville and Davidson County. Should the weather be fair and the state of my health such as to render it prudent for me to travel so far as Nashville on that day, I will avail myself of the pleasure of attending.

The "hearty congratulations" which you tender to me, "upon the signal triumph of Democratic Republican principles," as evinced in "the late voices of Maine, Maryland and Georgia, and other States," are received with the most grateful consideration. Nor do you misconceive my sentiments, gentlemen, in supposing that these evidences cannot fail to strengthen my conviction that the people were sincere in their support of my administration.

I cannot say that I did not expect this reaction. I did believe that, notwithstanding the events of 1840, the mighty truths of Republicanism would rise again in triumph; but I cannot say I was fully prepared for the revolution at so early a period. Speculative considerations are giving way to the power of principle. Cool reflection has quickly kindled in the hearts of the people a resolve to do right, and to repair those aberrations from the path of rectitude which are as common to masses as to individuals. A long and intimate acquaintance with the character of the American People inspired me with the most implicit faith in their dispositions to pause and maintain Truth, Virtue, Patriotism and Independence, with a single purpose. And at this late day of my life, it gives me joy to say, that faith is unabated.

Among the causes that have produced this awakening in the public mind are to be found the unjust and imprudent measures of the late extra session of Congress—the tyranny of a dictatorial majority over a large and respectable minority. Nor can it be supposed that the effects of these causes are exclusively confined to those States where elections have just taken place.

The distribution of the proceeds of the sales of public lands without constitutional authority—the system of *Bankruptcy* established by law throughout the United States—the provision for a loan with the range of twelve millions, &c.—are acts so palpable and unauthorized, that the people, as I believe, anxiously desire their repeal. And I entertain a most sanguine hope that the hour for reconsideration, retrenchment and reform, is at hand.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, as I do our country at large, on having at the head of the government a President who, upon one question at least, has a strict and conscientious regard for the Constitution, who has not swerved from his integrity in the discharge of one of the highest duties devolving on the Executive; who has preserved his own consistency by averting the blow aimed at our liberties through an attempt to establish another monied corporation with powers enough to destroy individual freedom in elections, and to overshadow the blessings of our republican institutions; who has fearlessly asserted and faithfully exercised his constitutional prerogative, that this free and most perfect system of civil government may be administered by Men and not by Money. And, gentlemen, I may add, that in the ability and determination of the President to maintain the government on principles purely republican, I have the most abiding confidence.

Accept for yourselves, and for those whom you represent, my best wishes.

Your fellow citizen,

ANDREW JACKSON.

Messrs J. P. HARDWICK, and others, Committee.

HON. THOMAS DAVEY.—This gentleman, Senator elect from this County, we regret to learn, is in a very feeble and precarious state of health, which will, very likely, prevent his taking a seat in the next Legislature. His complaint, we understand, is the dropsy of the chest. Should his health be such as to confine him at home the ensuing winter, he will no doubt resign the office to which he has been elected, and the vacancy filled by the Legislature, by electing either Thomas S. Pullen, of Gilford, or Dr. Shepard, of Sebecton, who will be the constitutional candidates for the office.—Piscataquis Herald.

"He who provideth not for his own household is worse than the Indians," as Daniel Webster said when he turned out Dr. Martin out of office to make room for Daniel, the second. Solitude Ewing made the same observation, when he paid his son, for negotiating part of the 12 Million loan, at a rate which would have given 10,000 dollars had his political life been spared to complete the job.

VIRGINIA STILL ERECT.

The *Wheeling* (Va.) Argus of October 30, brings the details of the important victory of the Democracy, in electing NEWMAN, (Dem.) to the Virginia Senate, from the *Wheeling* district, in place of GOODE, (Fed.) resigned. The district gave last November a majority of nearly 400 for Harrison. Newman's majority is now 44.

Prior to Goode's resignation the Virginia Senate was divided 17 to 15 in favor of the Federalists. The result of this special election produces a tie, and hence is of important moment.

We hail it also, as evidence, if further evidence was necessary, of the universality of the reaction against the Federal dynasty.—Age.

JONATHAN CILLEY.—A monument of granite, seventeen feet high, with a white marble urn, has been erected, at a cost of \$500, to the memory of this martyr to a false code of honor.

AN HONORABLE MEMENTO.—The Texan Congress have directed a marble bust of Senator Walker, of Miss, who made the motion in the U. S. Senate for the recognition of the independence of Texas, and a portrait of Senator Preston, who seconded the motion, to be placed in the capital of that Republic.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 16, 1841.

TEMPERANCE.

It is pleasing to notice the rapid progress of this cause in the community of late, and especially the wonderful impulse given to it by the Washingtonians. They seem to be just the men for this great, and hitherto difficult, enterprise; and their unparalleled success in reforming inebriates appears to indicate that moral and astonishing developments are making in the world as well as in the intellectual and physical world. Why it was that the Christian Philanthropist, with all the aids of learning and eloquence, could not redeem and save the inebriate, was till within a few months a mystery; but the operations of the Washingtonians appear to have brought about a new era in the great work of reform; and we are beginning to learn and feel that there is great power in truth, great beauty in simplicity and man's best and truest friend is he who knows, feels and understands his character and wants from experience. These remarks are suggested from the pleasure we derived in attending a Washingtonian meeting in the Court House in this place one evening last week. Great additional interest was given, no doubt, from the presence of several young gentlemen of the Bar from distant parts of the County; who in their speeches and remarks gave us the history and state of the cause in their respective neighborhoods. Mr. Gerry, of Waterford, told us in a forcible and emphatic manner what a revolution was accomplished in his place. Mr. Andrews, of Turner, depicted in glowing colors the happy change which had come over the population in his vicinity. Mr. Chase, of Fryburg, in a clear and classic manner portrayed the unhappy results in times past of the would-be reformer, whether clothed with civil power, or merely invested with the influence which learning, wealth or station afforded. Mr. Parris, of Buckfield, described in a very felicitous manner what were the high qualifications of a President of a Washington Society, and also informed us what his neighbors were doing, had done and intended to do. Others expressed their gratification at the prospects of the near approach of the period, when our country at least, would no longer be under the blighting influences of intemperance.—While the cause is thus going on so gloriously in the hands of the "new school" men, we hope the "old school" men will not relax their efforts. They may be assured the field is large enough and the labor sufficient to employ them all. If they still adhere to their old theory that it is their province to save the temperate by keeping them from the allurements of vice, let them see to it, that they do the work assigned them. And if the "new school" think that they, and they only, can reclaim the drunkard and raise him to usefulness, honor and happiness, let not their ardor abate till every fireside, now the picture of woe and wretchedness, becomes the scene of domestic bliss.

DEMOCRAT. The Sunbeam, (now of Boston, formerly of Hartford,) says:—"We find Democracy as we have defined it, originating in the eternal purposes of God—revealed in His word, confirmed in His works and practically applied in His government. We might fill a volume in illustrating and defending this position; but who will deny that the essential element of equality is embodied in all these? He has given to all men equal rights, imposed on all equal duties, enacted for all equal laws, with equal penalties which may be incurred by all in equal extent, and established an equal relation of all, to Himself, and of course to one another. Who will deny this is right? Let him deny God! And if it be right can it ever be wrong? Then truth may be a lie! If it be right in the purposes, the system and the government of the infinite, it is not right, and in the highest degree, in the association, the government, the laws, the relations of individuals? We answer—yes! and therefore labor for the realization of what is thus immediately right, so far as it can be discovered, and as fast as the want can develop the means."

TEMPERANCE AND DEMOCRACY. Over 30,000 have joined Temperance Societies in Pennsylvania within the last year, and as a remarkable coincidence the Democratic party obtained nearly 25,000 majority at the late election there. The last year when intemperance swept over the land with "the hard cider barrel" as a symbol, the Whigs obtained the ascendancy. Democracy and Temperance go hand in hand.

TALL CORN. Mr. Simon S. Stevens, of this town, raised on one eighth of an acre the past season, twenty seven and a half bushels of ears of corn, being a yield of about one hundred and ten bushels to the acre when sowed. He also raised on the same land one bushel and three quarts of beans, besides pumpkins and squashes. The seed was brought from Windsor Co. Vermont.

The Whig party, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, are divided into *abstractionists* and *distractiologists*, with a sprinkling of pipe-layers. The abstractionists refuse to support the abstractionists, and the abstractionists refuse to support the pipe-layers. Thus the house is divided against itself and cannot stand.

An item of *Whig expense*. The extra Congress appropriated about \$15,000 for Stationery, "blanks, paper and time," used by the Whig Congressional Committee in electioneering for Tip and Ty in 1840.—Mr. Wright stated on the floor of the Senate, that he had investigated this item and found that all or most of it, was produced by stationery used during the recess of Congress last year.

The 74 gun ship Columbus, which has been stationed in Boston harbor and used as a school ship for some time past, has been hauled up to the Navy Yard for repairs.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING AT FRYEBURG.

A recent meeting of the Democrats of Fryeburg and vicinity requires a passing notice. It was proposed to have a social supper and an interchange of feeling among the Democrats, and accordingly on the 4th inst. one hundred good men and true assembled for that purpose at the Oxford House in Fryeburg.—The hall in which supper was taken, trimmed with evergreen and decked with taste, accommodated exactly the number who wished to be and were present, it being "without overflowing full." As to the supper, it is due to Mr. Knight, the landlord, to say that a more neatly arranged table, a more copious supply, or better prepared viands could not well be offered, and that all were entirely satisfied and highly gratified with the whole arrangement.

Soon as supper was finished the tables were removed, and the assembly now enlarged was addressed by N. S. Littlefield, James Hobbs, Jr. David Hammons, Judah Dana, S. H. Chase; and pertinent anecdotes and sentiments were introduced by others. Good music enlivened the assembly from time to time, some songs were read by the way of seasoning, and a glorious patriotic song sung by the President, James Osgood, Esq. closed the exercises at about 12 o'clock of the night. Every thing was conducted properly and in order, and no "ardent" was introduced save ardent feelings and sentiments in the cause of Democracy.

All were gratified and pleased and with the best feelings separated, roused and ready to renew the conflict in the great cause of humanity end right, the cause of the sometimes defrauded and overpowered, but never crushed Democracy. The songs read, as they are somewhat descriptive in their character, we send for publication.

The Coon's Lamentation.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.

Ah! and I was fete cried the heart-broken Coon,
As he wandered dejected by the Log Cabin pile—
Can nothing now save me? Ah, where is Bob Loney,
With his pipe buying gentry, where, where all the while?
Our Coon skins, red petticoats, sheep skins and blankets,
No longer we batten in joy to the banquet,
Our mottoes sound ally, our streamers are torn,
While kerchiefs no more ladies wear retentive,
Or Tip & Ty impudently sing—
Alas! "Luce Fucus a tili leavels postillional,"
Have done to them surely some terrible thing.
Pencevies and music and eggs and shouting
And wild minor tricks are all o'er,
The log is the truth of our case are all dobbing
And leaving us wrecked! diving on a log-house.
The Bank is a gine case—we've not ven't trophy,
Curse Virginia abstractionists and Veeves and "Ty,"
And as for the Tariff we were then in "bad Coffee,"
Tee, Molasses and Sugar—O dear! I shall die!
The Whig party divided, where shall I find it
With Webster and Ty, or with Bots and with Clay?
Shall Kendall, or Cushing, or who now shall bind it,
And utter its oracles "ex catudra."
The Cabinet's broken, the Whig party muted—
Its funds are detected and held up to scorn,
Our Bank is a shewdown, our principles scorned
And every where round us is gathering the storm.
What shall we do to suppress this commotion,
To file out the storm, reach safely the land?
Standing Army, gold spoons, and every such notion
No more bear on us,—our cause sure is doomed!
The Luce Bill and Tariff demoralizing new taxes,
The gag law intended the Luce to choke,
The squandering Land Bill, indeed the fact is
To the people are odious and press like a yoke.
Who'd thought when we charied and rode like perk monkeys
In long crowded extra all in caravan style,
Soon we'd walk so demure like a drove of poor donkeys
While the Luce should look on the asses and swine.
Well, if ever again we should have all the power,
We must not burnish rifles so loud and so long,
For we wake up the Luce—Unfortunate hour!
When the large-paws were routed by the Land officer song.
For if they cant handle the Statutes so fairly,
They can pull down log-cabins at a very fast rate,
And what? they have once begun, oh very rarely
They leave till all doom's day and delirious his fate.

Good-Bye to the Whigs!

SONG REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE OCCASION.

"Good Bye to the Whigs—their departure 'at hand,"
Is the cry o'er the length and the breadth of the land;
'Tis re-echoed with gladness from mountain and glen,
And it sounds like a siren mid the dwellings of men,
And the patriots we meet are as merry as boys
And are shouting and singing "Good Bye to the Whigs."
So intense is the joy, so resistless the rage,
That it knows no distinction of sex or of age—
Even the ladies rejoice who sing the Whig songs,
And the child in the cradle the slumber profound,
Even men of fourscore talk of burning their wigs
To proclaim by a bonfire "Good Bye to the Whigs."
Good bye to the trimming and treacherous crew
Who never meant honest, and never spoke true,
A pack of Jews, Bankers and Brokers who sold,
Like traitors, their country for British gold,
No more they'll be running their rascally rags,
For their tricks are detected—"Good Bye to the Whigs."
How they wheedled and whined in the hour of distress,
Vain were their promises greater performance than—
Lots of money, high wages, and every thing right—
Now with delay, tax and tariff the country they fight—
No longer deceived now the poor man that digs
And the rich one both sing out "Good Bye to the Whigs."
When they came into power: how they snuffed up the gale!
How they arched their neck! How they carried their tail
How they swelled in their glory, and scorned in their pride!
And sought o'er the people all rough shod to ride,
But the Luce have picked these folks pulled up and big,
And let out their wigs!—So "Good Bye to the Whigs."
With the father of falsehood their legends are well known,
And their front while it lasted was kind to his own,
But the law is now out, all hope flies away,
They begin to grow sicker as the Devil's to pay;
While the Luce sent to fetch them are chasing their jigs,
Let us sing in full chorus "Good Bye to the Whigs."
Their triumph was short, their dominion is o'er,
By falsehood and fraud they rule us no more,
They may wriggle and wrathe, but the struggle is vain
And long years will roll o'er ere they conquer again,
We've routed the cunning old Federal pigs—
They're routed up Salt River—"Good Bye to the Whigs!"

